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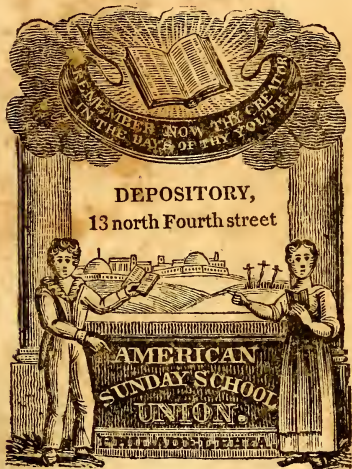
Memorandum



POETICAL LESSONS  
FOR  
**CHILDREN.**

BY PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

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# POETICAL LESSONS

FOR

**CHILDREN.**

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1. *Of our own nature and its chief Glory and Happiness.*

NOW for awhile aside I'll lay  
The cares and trifles of the day ;  
And call my thoughts, which rove abroad,  
To view myself, and view my God ;  
I'll look within that I may see,  
What I now am, what I must be.

I am the creature of the Lord :  
He made me by his powerful word ;  
This body, in each curious part,  
Was wrought by his unfailing art ;  
From him my nobler spirit came,  
My soul, a spark of heavenly flame :

That soul by which my body lives,  
Which thinks, and hopes, and joys, and  
grieves ;

And must in Heaven or Hell remain,  
When flesh is turn'd to dust again.

What business, then, should I attend,  
Or what esteem my noblest end ?

Sure it consists in this alone,

That God my maker may be known :

So known, that I may love him still,

And form my actions by his will ;

That he may bless me while I live !

And when I die my soul receive.

To dwell for ever in his sight,

In perfect knowledge and delight.





II. *The knowledge of God, and our duty to  
be learnt from the Bible.*

HOW shall a young immortal learn,  
This great, this infinite concern,  
What my Almighty Maker is,  
And what the way this God to please?

Shall some bright angel spread his wing,  
The welcome message down to bring?  
Or must we dig beneath the ground,  
Deep as where silver mines are found?

I bless his name for what I hear;  
The word of life and truth is near;  
His gospel sounds through all our land;  
The Bible meets my out-stretch'd hand:

That sacred book, inspir'd by God,  
 In our own tongue is spread abroad;  
 That blessed book we all may read,  
 And learn the knowledge which we need;  
 I'll place it still before my eyes,  
 For there my hope, my treasure lies.

III. *Of the Nature and Attributes of the blessed  
 God.*

GOD is a Spirit none can see :  
 He ever was, is, and shall be ;  
 Present where'er his creatures dwell,  
 Through earth and sea, through heaven and  
 hell.

His eye, with infinite survey,  
 Views all their realms in full display ;  
 What has been, is, or shall be done,  
 Or here or there, to him is known ;  
 Nor can one thought arise unseen,  
 In mind of angels or of men ;  
 Yet far above all anxious cares,  
 Calmly he rules his grand affairs ;  
 While wisdom infinite attains  
 The noblest ends by surest means.

Majestic from his lofty throne,  
 He speaks, and all his will is done ;  
 Nor can united worlds withstand  
 The force of his almighty hand ;

Yet ever righteous are his ways,  
 Faithful and true whate'er he says :  
 The holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 By all the angelic hosts ador'd.

The bounty of his gracious hand  
 Is scatter'd over every land ;  
 While he on high, completely bless'd,  
 With pity looks on the distress'd ;  
 And by his Son, our Saviour dear,  
 To sinners brings salvation near.

All that is glorious, good and great,  
 Does in the Lord Jehovah meet ;  
 Then to his name be glory given  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

#### IV. *Of God's Relations to us.*

THE Lord my Maker I adore,  
 Created by his love and power :  
 He fashion'd, in their various forms,  
 Angels and men, and beasts and worms ;  
 And all their well-ranged orders stand,  
 Supported by his powerful hand.

Father of light, amidst the skies  
 He bids the golden sun arise ;  
 He scatters the refreshing rain,  
 To cheer the grass and swell the grain ;  
 And every day presents the food  
 That satisfies my mouth with good.

At home, abroad, by night, by day,  
 He is my guardian and my stay ;  
 And sure 'tis fit my soul should know,  
 He is my Lord and Sovereign too.

O may that voice, that speaks his law,  
 My heart to sweet obedience draw ;  
 That when I see the Judge descend,  
 I, in that Judge, may see my Friend !

*V. The sum of our duty to God and Man.*

THE knowledge which my heart desires,  
 Is but to learn what God requires :  
 Speak then the word, my Father dear,  
 For all my soul's awake to hear :  
 And O, what joy my breast must move,  
 To hear that all thy law is love !

This is the sum of every part,  
 To love the Lord with all my heart,  
 With all my soul, with all my might,  
 And in his service to delight :  
 That I should love my neighbour too,  
 And what I wish from them should do.

How short and sweet, how good and plain  
 Easy to learn and to retain !  
 O may thy grace my soul renew ;  
 And 'twill be sweet to practice too.

VI. *How our love to God is to be expressed.*

SINCE love is as my duty known,  
 How must this love to God be shown?  
 Sure I the highest thoughts should raise,  
 Of him, who is above all praise;  
 His favour most of all desire,  
 And still to please him should aspire,  
 To him be constant worship paid,  
 And all his sacred laws obeyed!  
 If to afflict me be his will,  
 I'll bear it with submission still,  
 A tender father sure he proves,  
 And but corrects, because he loves.

His word with diligence I'll hear;  
 To him present my daily prayer;  
 And while new mercies I implore,  
 For blessings past I will adore:  
 And every action shall express  
 A heart full-charged with thankfulness.

VII. *How Love to our Neighbour should be expressed.*

I BY my love to men must prove,  
 How cordially my God I love;  
 To those whom he hath cloth'd with power  
 I would be subject every hour;  
 To parents, and to rulers too,  
 Pay honour and obedience due;

In every word I'll truth maintain,  
 In every act shall justice reign.

In all my feeble hands can do,  
 The good of all I would pursue ;  
 And where my powers of action fail,  
 Kind wishes in my heart prevail  
 For every man, whoe'er he be,  
 Stranger, or friend, or enemy.

Since by God's pardoning grace I live,  
 Well may I all my foes forgive :  
 And, as Christ's word and pattern show'd,  
 Conquer their evil by my good.

*VIII. Sin to be avoided in Thought, Word, and  
 Action.*

GUARD me, O God, from every sin,  
 Let heart and tongue, and life be clean !  
 Though with ten thousand snares beset,  
 I never would my Lord forget.

Fain would I learn to lay aside  
 Malice, and stubbornness, and pride,  
 Envy, and every evil thought ;  
 Nor be my breast with anger hot :  
 Each other passion wild and rude,  
 I long to feel by grace subdu'd.

When thus my heart is well prepar'd,  
 My tongue I easily shall guard

From every oath and curse profane,  
 Nor take God's reverend name in vain.  
 No sacred thing shall I deride,  
 Nor scoff, nor rail, nor brawl, nor chide,  
 My soul will every lie detest,  
 And every base, indecent jest.

This humble, watchful soul of mine,  
 Shall with abhorrence then decline  
 The drunkard's cup, the glutton's feast,  
 That sink the man below the beast;  
 Th' injurious blow, the wanton eye;  
 The loss of hours that quickly fly;  
 And that which leads to every crime,  
 The vain misuse of sacred time;  
 What brings dishonour on God's law,  
 Or what on man would mischief draw.

IX. *The Corruption of Nature and Sins of  
 Life acknowledged.*

LORD, when my wretched soul surveys  
 The various follies of my ways,  
 The guilt of every word and thought,  
 Every neglect and every fault:  
 Well may I tremble to appear,  
 Laden with horror, shame, and fear.

Adam, our head, has brought disgrace,  
 And sin, and death, on all his race!

From him my ruin'd nature came,  
 Heir to his sorrow and his shame :  
 My body weak, and dark my mind,  
 To good averse, to sin inclin'd ;  
 And oh ! too soon the deadly fruit  
 Ripen'd from that unhappy root.

Duty requir'd my early care  
 Each vain indulgence to forbear ;  
 Requir'd me, all the good I knew  
 With constant vigour to pursue ;  
 But my vain heart, and stubborn will,  
 In its own ways would wander still ;  
 Like a wild ass's colt would go  
 Through all this wilderness of wo ;  
 Vainly I seek to plead a word,  
 Silent in guilt before the Lord.

*X. Of the Misery which Sin has brought upon  
 us.*

WHO can abide God's wrath, or stand  
 Before the terrors of his hand ?  
 Jehovah's curse what heart shall dare  
 To meet, or who be strong to bear ?

He every good can take away,  
 And every evil on us lay ;  
 Can by a single word bring down  
 The tallest head that wears a crown,



The statesman wise, the warrior brave,  
 To moulder in the silent grave ;  
 And send the wretched soul to hell,  
 To the fierce flames where devils dwell,  
 For endless years to languish there,  
 In pangs of infinite despair.

I then, poor feeble worm ! how soon  
 Must I dissolve before his frown !  
 And yet his frowns and vengeance too,  
 I, by my sins, have made my due.

Is there no hope ? And must I die ?  
 Is there no friend or helper nigh ?  
 Is it beyond repeal decreed,  
 That every soul that sins must bleed ?  
 O let my listening, longing ear,  
 Some sound of grace and pardon hear !  
 My soul would the first news embrace,  
 And turn its trembling into praise.

XI. *Of the Gospel, or the good news of Salvation by CHRIST.*

WHAT joyful tidings do I hear !  
 'Tis gospel grace salutes my ear ;  
 And by that gracious sound I find,  
 This righteous God is also kind.

Jesus, his only Son displays  
 The wonders of his Father's grace ;

The great salvation long foretold  
 By prophets to the Jews of old,  
 Is now in plainer words made known,  
 As by the apostles clearly shown.  
 By this bless'd message brought from heaven,  
 Pardon, and peace, and grace, are given.

O may I know that Saviour here,  
 Who intercedes for sinners there ;  
 And that eternal life receive,  
 Which he was sent of God to give !

XII. *Who CHRIST is, and how he lived on  
 Earth.*

JESUS! how bright his glories shine !  
 The great IMMANUEL is divine ;  
 One with the Father he appears,  
 And all his Father's honours shares ;  
 Yet he, to bring salvation down,  
 Has put our mortal nature on.

He in an humble virgin's womb,  
 A feeble infant did become ;  
 A stable was his lodging made,  
 And the rude manger was his bed,  
 Growing in life, he still was seen  
 Humble, laborious, poor and mean ;  
 The Son of God from year to year,  
 Did as a carpenter appear.

At length when he to preach was sent,  
 Through towns and villages he went,

And travell'd with unwearied zeal  
 God's will and nature to reveal.  
 To prove the heavenly truths he taught,  
 Unnumbered miracles were wrought :  
 The blind beheld him, and the ear  
 Which had been deaf, his voice could hear :  
 Sickness obey'd his healing hand,  
 And devils fled at his command ;  
 The lame for joy around him leap ;  
 The dead he wakens from their sleep.

Through all his life his doctrine shines,  
 Drawn in the plainest, fairest lines ;  
 And death at length did he sustain,  
 Our pardon and our peace to gain ;  
 That sinners who condemned stood,  
 Might find salvation in his blood.  
 All honour then ascribed be,  
 To him who lived and died for me !

### XIII. *Of CHRIST's Death, Resurrection and Ascension.*

JESUS, the righteous, lo ! he dies,  
 For sin, a spotless sacrifice !  
 Justice has on his sacred head  
 The weight of our transgressions laid.  
 If God's own Son would sinners save,  
 He must be humbled to the grave ;  
 That so a pardoning God might show,  
 What vengeance to our crimes were due.

Nailed to the cross with torturing smart,  
What anguish rack'd his tender heart !  
Alas ! how bitterly he cried !  
Tasted the vinegar and died !  
Cold in the tomb, that mournful day,  
My Saviour's mangled body lay ;  
Well may I blush, and weep to see,  
What Jesus bore, for love to me.

But, O my soul, thy grief restrain,  
Jesus, the Saviour lives again !  
On the third day the Conqueror rose,  
And greatly triumphed o'er his foes ;  
Prov'd his recover'd life, and then  
Ascended to his heaven again.  
Exalted on a shining throne,  
At God's right hand he is set down,  
To plead the merits of his blood ;  
And rule for all his people's good :  
Wide o'er all worlds his power extends,  
And well can he protect his friends :  
May I in that blest band appear,  
Secure from danger and from fear !

XIV. *Of the Nature of Faith and Repentance.*

THEY must repent, and must believe,  
 Who Christ's salvation would receive ;  
 O may the Spirit faith impart,  
 And work repentance in my heart !

Bless'd Jesus, who can be so base  
 As to suspect thy power or grace !  
 Or who can e'er so stupid be,  
 To slight thy blessings, Lord, and thee !  
 With humble, reverend hope and love,  
 I to thy gracious feet would move,  
 And to thy care my all resign,  
 Resolv'd to be for ever thine ;  
 Secure, if thou vouchsafe to keep  
 My feeble soul among thy sheep.

The sins and follies I have done,  
 Humbled in dust, I would bemoan ;  
 And while past guilt I thus deplore,  
 I would repeat my sins no more ;  
 But by a life of zeal and love,  
 My faith and my repentance prove ;  
 So shall thy grace my sins forgive,  
 Jesus shall smile, and I shall live.

*XV. The Assistance and Influence of the  
blessed Spirit.*

'TIS not in my weak power, alone,  
To melt this stubborn heart of stone ;  
My soul to change, my life to mend,  
Or seek to Christ that generous friend.  
'Tis God's own Spirit from above  
Fixes our faith, inflames our love,  
And makes a life divine begin,  
In wretch'd souls long dead in sin.

That most important gift of heaven,  
To those that ask and seek is given ;  
Then be it my immediate care,  
With importunity of prayer,  
To seek it in a Saviour's name,  
Who will not turn my hope to shame.

God from on high his grace shall pour,  
My soul shall flourish more and more ;  
Press on with speed from grace to grace,  
Till glory end, and crown the race.

Since then, the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Glorious beyond all speech and thought,  
Have jointly my salvation wrought :  
I'll join them in my songs of praise,  
Now, and through heaven's eternal days.

**XVI.** *The means of Grace which God has appointed.*

WHAT kind provision God has made,  
That we may safe to heaven be led !  
For this the prophets preach'd and wrote,  
For this the bless'd apostles taught ;  
Taught as that Spirit did inspire,  
Who came from heaven in tongues of fire ;  
And gave them languages unknown,  
That distant lands his grace might own :  
His hands have kept the sacred page  
Secure from men and devil's rage.

For this, he churches did ordain,  
His truth and worship to maintain :  
For this, he pastors did provide,  
In those assemblies to preside ;  
And from the round of common days,  
Mark'd out our Sabbath to his praise :  
Delightful day when Christians meet !  
To hear, and pray, and sing, how sweet !

For this he gives, in solemn ways,  
Appointed tokens of his grace ;  
In sacramental pledges there,  
His soldiers to their General swear !  
Baptiz'd into one common Lord,  
They joyful meet around his board :  
Honour the orders of his house,  
And speak their love, and seal their vows.

XVII. *Of the Design and Obligation of  
Baptism.*

IN baptism wash'd we all must be,  
In honour of the sacred Three ;  
To show how we are wash'd from sin,  
In Jesus' blood, and born again  
By grace divine, and thus are made  
Members of Christ, our common head.

The Father form'd the glorious scheme,  
And we adopted are, by him.  
The Son, great Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Did news of this redemption bring ;  
He by his death our life procur'd,  
And now bestows it as our Lord.  
The Holy Spirit witness bore  
To the bless'd gospel heretofore ;  
And taught the men he purified,  
Faithful and patient to abide.

Into these names am I baptized ?  
Then be the honour justly priz'd ;  
Nor let the sacred bond be broke,  
Nor be my covenant-God forsook ;  
Oh ! may I keep my garments clean,  
And never more return to sin !  
One body now all Christians are ;  
Oh ! may they in one spirit share,  
And cherish that endearing love,  
In which the saints are bless'd above.



XVIII. *Of the Nature and Design of the  
Lord's Supper.*

THE memory of Christ's death is sweet,  
When saints around his table meet;  
And break the bread, and pour the wine,  
Obedient to his word divine.

While they the bread and cup receive,  
(If on their Saviour they believe,)  
They feast, as on his flesh and blood,  
Cordial divine, and heavenly food!  
Their covenant thus with God renew,  
And love to every Christian show.

Well may their souls rejoice and thrive;  
O! may the blessed hour arrive,  
When, ripe in knowledge and in grace,  
I at that board shall find a place!  
And now, what there his people do,  
I would at humble distance view;  
Would look to Christ with grateful heart,  
And in their pleasure take my part;  
Resolv'd while such a sight I see,  
To live to him who died for me.

XIX. *Of the Nature and Office of Angels.*

MY soul, the heavenly world survey,  
 The regions of eternal day  
 There Jesus reigns, and round his seat,  
 Millions of holy angels meet.

Those morning stars, how bright they shine !  
 How sweetly all their voices join  
 To praise their Maker ! watchful still  
 To mark the signals of his will :  
 While with their out-stretch'd wings they  
     stand,  
 To fly at his divine command.

All happy as they are, and great,  
 Yet scorn they not on men to wait ;  
 And even children in their arms  
 They gently bear, secure from harms.  
 Oh ! may I, with such humble zeal,  
 My heavenly Father's word fulfil,  
 That I, when time has run its race,  
 May with blest angels find a place,  
 Borne on their friendly wings on high  
 To joys like theirs, which never die.

XX. *Of the Fall and State of the Devils.*

WELL may I tremble, when I read  
 That sin did heaven itself invade :  
 Curs'd pride, with subtilty unknown,  
 Perverted angels near God's throne ;  
 They sinn'd against his holy name,  
 And hateful devils they became ;  
 But wrath divine pursu'd them soon,  
 And flaming vengeance hurl'd them down.

Now in the pangs of fierce despair,  
 Prisoners at large, they range in air ;  
 Walk through the earth, unheard, unseen,  
 And lay their snares for thoughtless men ;  
 Tempt us to sin against our God,  
 And draw us to hell's downward road.

But God can all their power restrain,  
 My Saviour holds them in his chain,  
 Till at his bar they shall appear,  
 And meet their final sentence there.

XXI. *On Death.*

LORD, I confess thy sentence just,  
 That sinful man should turn to dust,  
 That I ere long should yield my breath,  
 The captive of all conquering Death.

Soon will the awful hour appear,  
 When I must quit my dwelling here.  
 These active limbs to worms a prey,  
 In the cold grave must waste away;  
 Nor shall I share in all that's done  
 In this wide world, beneath the sun.

To distant climes, and seats unknown,  
 My naked spirit must be gone;  
 To God its Maker must return,  
 And ever joy, or ever mourn.

No room for penitence and prayer;  
 No further preparations there  
 Can e'er be made; the thought is vain;  
 My state unaltered must remain.  
 Awake, my soul, without delay,  
 That if God summon thee this day,  
 Thou cheerful at his call mayst rise,  
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

XXII. *On the Resurrection of the Dead.*

WHAT awful ruins death has made !  
 How low the wise and great are laid !  
 Alike the saints and sinners die ;  
 Mouldering alike in dust they lie.  
 But there's a day shall change the scene :  
 How awful to the sons of men !

When the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 And shake the air and cleave the ground,  
 Jusus enthron'd in light appears,  
 Circled with angels bright as stars :  
 " Rise, ye that sleep," the Lord shall say,  
 And all the earth and all the sea,  
 Yield up the nations of the dead,  
 For ages in their bowels hid ;  
 Then bone to kindred bone shall cleave,  
 And cloth'd with flesh new life receive ;  
 Each spirit knows its proper mate :  
 They rise an army vast and great.

But oh ! what different marks they bear,  
 Of transport some, and some of fear ;  
 When marshall'd in the Judge's sight,  
 These to the left, those to the right,  
 That they may that last sentence hear,  
 Which shall their endless state declare :  
 My soul in deep attention stay,  
 And learn the event of such a day.

XXIII. *Of Judgment and Eternity, Heaven  
and Hell.*

WHEN Christ to judge the world descends  
 Thus shall he say to all his friends :  
 " Come, blessed souls, that kingdom share,  
 " My father did for you prepare,  
 " Ere earth was founded ; come and reign,  
 " Where endless life and joy remain."  
 Then to the wicked :—" Go, ye curs'd,  
 " Ye have no portion with the just ;  
 " To those eternal burnings go,  
 " Whose pangs the rebel angels know."  
 He speaks, and straight the shining bands,  
 With fiery thunders in their hands,  
 Drive them away ; hell's lake receives  
 The wretched on its flaming waves ;  
 Justice divine the gates shall bar,  
 And for a seal affix despair :

While Jesus, rising from his throne,  
 Leads his triumphant army on,  
 To enter their divine abode,  
 In the fair city of their God.  
 There everlasting pleasures grow,  
 Full rivers of salvation flow,  
 And all their happiness appears  
 Increasing with eternal years.

**XXIV. Conclusion.**—*A practical Reflection  
on the Whole.*

AND now, my heart, with reverend awe,  
From hence thine own instruction draw.  
At this judgment must appear ;  
Must this solemn sentence hear,  
As I'm with saints or sinners plac'd :)  
"Depart, ye curs'd," or "Come, ye bless'd."  
For me the fruits of glory grow ;  
Or hell awaits my fall below.

Eternal God ! what shall I do ?  
My nature trembles at the view !  
My deathless soul herself surveys,  
With joy, and terror, and amaze.  
Oh be thy shield around me spread,  
To guard the spirit thou hast made !  
Save me from snares of earth and hell,  
And from myself preserve me well ?  
Lest all the heavenly truths I know,  
Should aggravate my guilt and wo !  
Thy power in weakness is display'd,  
When babes by thee are conquerors made ;  
When Satan shall be vanquish'd found,  
And heaven with endless praise resound.

THE END.







